We wish to make you a presentation speech—a speech presenting special bargains in FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING and OTHER RAIMENT.

LISTEN: Here are Twenty different styles of Pantaloons-fashionably made up; like goods can't be bought in any other house in this city for less than \$6 and \$7.

INCLINE YOUR EAR TO

Fall Overcoats, elegant and excellent. In every way desirable. From \$5 to 20.

We sell the best

MEN'S SUITS

at \$15 ever shown in this city.

NOTE THIS FACT:

Our \$3 School Suits deserve the consideration of parents who desire to see their offspring clad in first-class stylish goods.

BOYS' STRIPED UNDERWEAR

at 25 cents, worth 40 cents. For this week: Boys' Long Hose at 5 cents; worth 15 cents.

N. B. With every Child's Suit sold at \$2.50 and upwards, we will, for the next two weeks, give away a handsome express wagon.

Notice to School Children: On Monday afternoon and evening, from 4 to 8 o'clock, we will give a SLATE ERASER (well worth coming for) to every school child that will call at the

Original Hagle

5 & 7 West Washington St.

THEY DANCE WITH

For they are Happy!



Of course they

They have read the legend upon the fence, and the purchases made have produced the joyful effect shown in this chromo. Everybody is given the same opportunity to better home surroundings.

GO TO BORN & CO.

and furnish your home comfortably on easy payments. No house in the city will do as well by you as we will.

. Come and look at our coal and natural-gas Heating Stoves.

Also, Furniture, Carpets, and all housekeeping goods.

BORN & CO.,

97 & 99 East Washington Street. Open Monday and Saturday nights till 9 o'clock. 14 & 16 South Delaware Street.

PERSONALITIES IN POLITICS.

A Pernicions Costom Traced from Moses to . the Present Campaign. "Gath's" New York Letter.

I saw a recent statement that General Harrison had said that 10 cents a day was enough for a laboring man to get I have thought that I would like to see a man with the moral transparency to make a charge like this, which stands the test of no reason whatever. The same charge I heard made, when I was a boy, on the public stand against President Buchanan at meetings where the transparencies were numerous, inscribed "Ten-cent Jimmy." It was the same old lie peddled around from time to time, and its antiquity shows us that this dickering with the labor vote has been going on almost since the foundation of things. The first thing Moses had to record, next to killing the Egyptian, was the terrible strain put on his people by Pharach. As a good politician Moses was going to spring an issue on Pharaoh and get the Hebrew folks out on a topographical expedition to forward the designs of Moses. So the story was made public that Pharaoh had said that the Hebrews should make bricks w thout straw. It is not possible for a human being to do anything whatever in the range of experiance which might not be made fatal to him if he same up as a candidate for election, under the conditions of personal attack. If he said that his father was a short man, it could be interpreted to prove that he had sat down on his father. If he said that his father was a long man, three or four persons from Indiana could be brought forward to swear that the meaning and intent of that phrase was that his father had lived too long and ought to have died some time before. I hope that no such ignorance exlats among the people as can be reached by im-

Why should President Buchanan ever have advocated wages at 10 cents a day when he was the son of poor people, living among the hardest laborers in America, the Peonsylvania Dutch and Scotch-Irish! Yet this point was put against Buchanan by the party which was crying out for freedom and moral issues. Indeed, our elections are meaner than ourselves. The seems to have understood this business, for on one occasion he accused a men who was running for an important office of having once stolen a sheep. There was something ludicrous in the reputation of alman who wanted to be Governor or Senator or Congressman of having stolen a sheep. It

low himself became United States Senator. No wonder that these personalities continue when so few of our public men who are emuleus and sensitive ever put their foot on them. Bayard, Mr. Cieveland's Secretary of State, has at least the bigh-mind-d quality of now and then scorning popularity to be attained in that sort of way. Some time ago when it was said that General Harrison voted in favor of the Chinese or against treating the Chinese as if they were outside of the pale of treaty obligations, he stated that he did not know whether Harrison did so or not, but that if he did it was to his credit. This everlasting deifying of the laborer about election time is contemptible demagogism, and the man who does it ought to be looked at twice, for he would steal a private letter. read in a New York paper yesterday the card of some contractor, saying that it was not true that some candidate had demanded low wages, for, to his knowledge, all the masons had been man beside me and said: "What has this got to do with politics? I am paying \$1.50 to painters." "Well," said my friend and visitor, "if you were running fer office that would come up against you." "How so?" said I; "the painters come here and set their own price, which is the price that everybody pays them in these parts." "Weil," said he, "if you paid \$1.50 a day to painters it would go against you

How a Deck of Cards Get in Church.

Marietta (Ga.) Special. A very amusing incident happened at the recent Sam Jones tabernacle meeting at Cartersville. One of the most devout ministers of north Georgia, who resides in a town not a thousand miles from Cartersville, left bome to spend a day or two at these meetings. The sudden cool weather that came about during the meetings caused overcoats to become a great requisite. The hero of this amusing incident did not have his overcoat along, but the family whom he was stopping with kindly tendered him the use of one which answered every purpose until the stand was reached, and after securing a seat up near the pulpit the minister proceeded to take off his overcoat, and while doing so a deck of cards fell from a side pocket as he was folding the coat to hang on the back of his seat. To see this devout minister, who for many years has been engaged in making such a crusade against cards, reaching after a ten spot here and a jack of spades there and hiding them away as fast as he could get them or Congressman of having stolen a sheep. It seemed to be necessary at that stage of the business to make a truly original charge—one which would stick in the memory. After all, Brown- his life he was never placed in such an embaring to st. Louis and Return, \$3.00.

For particulars call at ticket office, cor. Wash- his life he was never placed in such an embar- ington and Illinois sts., or Union Depot.

rassing position, and in future he will certainly examine the pockets of all overcoats he borrows before entering church.

Life in a Democratic Postoffice.

New York Tribune. "Thomas," said the Democratic postmaster in a small New York State town, to his assistant, a couple of hours after the arrival of the o'clock mail; "Thomas, have you opened all the Republican papers and put in Democratic reading matter?" "Yes. sir."

"Have you inserted those small letter-size free-trade leaflets in the letters!" "All finished."

"Enclosed the Mills bill in all the packages,

"You didn't forget to put extra strong free-trade talk in all of old Uncle Abner Stagger's mail, I hope! Uncle Abner is getting old and a little feeble-minded, and we might be able to convert him, perhaps.' "I fixed him up all right-put Cleveland's letter in all his papers and a circular shoving

the responsibility for the potato ros onto the

Republicans in his letters."

"Then why don't you open the window and let the folks get their mail!" "S-sh! I'm steaming open the registered letters and putting in fac-similes of Cleveland's \$10,000 check-be through in half an hour." "On-ail right: I'll tie new bandannas to the

handles of the mail sacks while your are doing

In His New Gown.

"How does it fit?" asked the new Chief-justice, coming in dressed in his new robe. "It's just lovely!" exclaimed the associate justices in a breath,

"But isn't there too much fulness behind!"

"Oh, no, not a bit," replied one, with em-"I think it's just right," said another. The Chief-justice turned himself around before the mirror two or three times, but as there was no dissenting opinion, the clouds which had darkened his brow were gradually dispelled,

ly, the rustling of his garment constituting a grand obligate to the rythmic throbbings of his happy heart

and he went out stroking his mustache tender-

CLARA BELLE'S SUINDAY TALK

Another Illustration of the Fact that the Pen Is Mightier than the Sword.

Estelle Clayton's Failt ir e in the Dramatization of Amelie Rives's, Romance-American Swells Snubbent by a Chinaman.

Special to the Indiana polls Journal. New York, Oct. 6 .- General U. S. Grant's pen was mightier than his sword, if both are to be estimated by what they accomplished for his widow. Grant was well enough paid in money for his services to his country, perhaps, and he received a great reward in fame, certainly; but the achievements of his sword would have left him with no thing to bequeath to his wife, while his pen surned a fortune for her, although wielded while be was dying. Unfortunate investments b.ad emptied his purse, and when it became clear to him that his autobiography would riel i hundreds of thousands of dollars, he raced with death to complete it. I was reminded of this up common mightiness of the pen yesterday, when I viewed the beautiful new residence of Mrs. Grant. The upper western side of New York city is high ground, everlooking the Hudson river, and along the top of the declivity runs Riverside Park, with its wide, hand some driveway. The houses along this road are few, as yet, but the expectation is that it will become one of the most fashionable thorou ghfares of the metropolis. At the upper end of, the park is the tomb of Grant, with its little 'emporary vault to disappoint and shock visitors. A little more than a mile to the southward is the house erected by Mrs. Grant. It is a mansion in size and beauty. It is a picturesque structure of brick and gray stone, and the interior is ornate to a high decree. Although there are bigger and finer residences in the neighborhood, the quality of this one may be judged by the fact that its cost, with just enough ground to stand it on, is \$163,000. The furniture, which is now being sumptuously put in, will swell the investment to nearly or quite \$200,000. As Mrs. Grant is by repute a good manager, not at all inclined to reckless extravagance, it is to be supposed that she reserved sufficient resources from which to live becomingly in this home Her wealth should not be, therefore, very much less than half a million. Two of her sons and their wives are ing to live with her, and she expects that her danghter, Mrs. Nellie Sartoris, will make long visits, beginning with the ensuing winter. Mrs. Grant is domestic in her tastes and enjoyments. There is no circle of New York society into which she could not go with a welcome, nor

When I saw Mrs. Frederick Grant on a shopping tour, this week, she was indulging in the very latest whim of adornment. In a bracelet. which she wore over the sleeve of her dress, was set a watch. It was not a miniature time-piece. such as have been used for some time in jewelry; but of about the ordinary size carried by ladies. It was in all outward respects like an ordinarily fine watch of inlaid gold, except that there was no stem or ring. It had a hunting case, however, and when it was shut it might have passed for an unusually big medaliton. But when she held up one wrist, and with the other hand touched a spring, the cap flew open and there was the dial, exposed right side up, for her examination. Such is a new fashion in jewelry, and young Mrs. Grant is one of its pioneers.

many pretentious coteries into which she has not been invited, but she shows no disposition

toward social leadership, although she makes

and receives many visits, and is by no means a

A sign-board that smites the shopper's eyes, in the most crowded part of the district of feminine trade, is lettered: "Flower Cutting Taught by Edwin Booth." Now, although Edwin is waxing old, he is still the idol of women, and his name in connection with so trivial an art as the cutting of artificial flowers surprises them. In an instant they realize that this Edwin Booth is not their Edwin Booth, of course, but the instructor who happens to be a namesake of the great Hamlet, gets potent advertising therefrom. What he teaches is merely how to cut flower patterns with a sharp knife in thin paste-board, the leaves and petals of which are then colored. He has been enabled by placarding his name to introduce the pastime into momentary popularity.

Our intensest swells will be coming into town for the winter in a week or two, and one of the interesting, if not important questions is whether the Fifth-avenue belles will walk in with canes. Several windows of fancy goods stores contain displays of long, fanciful walking sticks, a revival from the period of the Empress Josephine. The fashion reporters have been telling that these things are really going to be used in town. It is a fact that in the country they were in vogue during the past season. Those offered for sale are decidedly ornamental, and there is no reason why they should not be adopted into the fashions of the day. But considerable bravery will be required in those who first appear on Broadway with them, and here is an uncommon opportunity for the more daring of our belies to distinguish themselves. The sticks are about four feet in length, and the bent handles are elaborately carved and inlaid. Sometimes they are made to serve as the handle for a small parasol, but that is not the intention, which is that they shall be carried uselessly but ornamentally, as the dudes do their canes.

The feminine exploit of the week in town is by Estelle Clayton, in undertaking to realize the heroine of Amelie Rives's "The Quick or the Dead!" Miss Clayton is locally famous as a beauty. She is the affianced wife of Charles W. Durant, a retired Wall-street broker, the remnant of whose firm went into bankruptcy a few days ago. But Durant got out of the street at forty with a fortune, and for several years has devoted himself to his lovely sweetheart. She is just about as perfect a creature physically as the metropolis holds. Durant has maintained her handsomely. In the summer she has been a delight to the eyes of the people at Long Branch and Saratoga, and in the winters she is a conspicuously-admired figure in the public assemblages of the city. Her eyes are particularly big and soulful, her features are both regular and expressionable, her form is tall and proportionate, and, above all, she knows how to dress berself for the best effect. The United States could be hunted over without finding a woman more like the Barbara of Amelie Rives's notorious story. Therefore, when Estelle expressed a desire to impersonate on the stage that novel creature of fiction, Durant decided to indulge her. The first thing to do was to get the consent of the authoress, because no dramatization could be used without her legal consent. Amelie was at Newport, and a latter brought from her a refusal. Then Estelle made a trip to that summer resort, showed herself to the young novelist, and that was enough. Her beauty conquered all objection, and she came back with the desired authority. A theater was the next great essential, and none of the managers would take any risk in the hazardous enterprise. So Durant leased one of the Broadway houses outright. This week has brought the matter before the public. The resultant failure is as complete as it is amusing. Usually there is nothing but gloom in a theatrical dieaster, but this time there is enough singularity to at least relieve the depression. The audiences are rather large, and it seems as though money enough is taken in to almost cover the expenses; but Estelle will hardly be satisfied with financial success accompanied by experience not unlike that endured by the late Count Joannes and the present James Owen O'Conor. Of course, there is nothing grotesque to laugh at in the fair actrees, nor is her acting so much at fault as to excite any ridicule. But the fact is that the peculiar reputation of "The Quick or the Dead?" as a salacious work, full of impetuous hugs and kisses, prepared the way for inevitable merriment. The women, who dominste the assemblages, are alertly expectant of the demonstrations so warmly depicted in the novel. Barbara comes before them satisfactorily-a vision of loveliness-and until the appearance of Joek Deering upon the scene she is regarded with rapt admiration. Then the troublons jollity begins. His wooing is conventional, as represented in the stage version, and would be seriously accepted in an ordinary play, but under the circumstances, his first embrace of his sweetneart sends an audible titter through the theater. When he impresses a quiet, decorous kiss upon her forehead, the women snicker right out. There is no decorum in the house after that. Later ripples of langhter and gurgles of giggle follow every juxtaposition of the lovers. When it comes to the scene in the woods, where Barbara should be so remarkably kissed over a

good portion of her surface there is a lull in the ridicule, and lifting of opera-glasses, and a gen-"How do I know you love me?" Joek inquires.
"By this—and this," responds Barbara.
Then she kisses him twice on the forehead,

and he responds by a smack on each of her cheeks. That is all. The inadequacy of the representation seems to anger the feminine spectators a little, and, for an instant, they gaze at each other in blank amazement, as if to say: "Oh, that is nothing uncommon." Then they al! laugh aloud, and the poor actors are made to realize ail the tortures known to "guying." After that, it is all in vain that Barbara frantically burns her letters, devotes her cherished bridal-gown to destruction, sees the spook of her dead bushand, and goes generally to distraction. Her woes have been construed humorously, and "The Quick or the Dead?" is laughed off the stage.

With all their pretensions, the Astor-Vander-

bilt elique does not constitute the most exclusive society in New York, as some members of that body have just learned in a curious manper. The Church of the Strangers, of which the Rev. Dr. Deems is pastor, has a large class of Chinamen in its Sunday-school. This house of worship is the one that was purchased by the late Commodore Vanderbilt and given to Dr. Deems, not because the old millionaire had become pious, but because his wife was a devout Christian and a member of that church. This sircumstance has made the pastor a personal acquaintance of the Vanderbilta, and, although his church is too unfashionably down town for them to worship in, he is a frequent and welcome guest at their residences. The other day a Chinaman fell dead from apopiexy in the Sunday-school of the Church of the Strangers. In a conversation on the subject, Mrs William K. Vanderbilt remarked to Dr. Deems that she had an ardent desire to see some Chinese women. "That would be difficult," replied the clergyman, "because the Chinese women in this city are kept seculously secluded. There are something like ten thousand Chinese in New York and its immediate neighborhood. Probably two hundred of them are females. By great effort several hundred of the men have been gathered into Sunday-schools, but never a single woman or girl. To subject a woman to the elightest degree of publicity is to degrade ber, according to the time-honored belief of the Chinese, and nobody here has yet been able to controvert that doerno successfully."

It is a further fact that the Chinamen who go

to Sunday-schools do not in the least abate their

conviction that women who mingle with men

are necessarily disreputable. These fellows

may treat their Sunday-school teachers, who are not only ladies, but are apportioned at the rate of one to each and every pupil, with a politic show of respect, but they cannot be brought to regard them as good women in the sense that secluded Chinese women are good. This notion crops out repeatedly in the Sunday-schools, and nothing can eradicate it from the Chinese mind. Mrs. Vanderbilt ambitiously undertook to remake of herself and a party of friends, welcome guests in a Chinese She read that Yuet Sing, the richest Chinese merchant in New York, had imported a bride from China. She thought that a party from out of McAllister's four bundred could certainly get an invitation to the wedding reception. To this end, Wong Chin Foo was summoned. He is perhaps the most Americanized Chinaman in this part of the country, for he possesses an English educa-tion, and acts as a sort of interpreter and litera-ry factotum for his countrymen. He was told what was wanted by the swells, and he prompt-ly replied that it probably couldn't be done, al-though he would try his best to bring it about. He went to Yuet Sing with an explanation of the matter, and got an unbesitant answer that his bride was a Chinese lady. That statement seemed to him quite sufficient as a decisive negative. Of course, she was not to lower herself by associating with women who walked the streets with uncovered faces, and conversed openly with men. So the Vanderbilt-Astor excursion to Mott street was not made. The privacy of the Chinese ladies in New

York is positively inviolate so far as Americans are concerned. This new wife of Yuet Sing lives at No. 15 Mott street. Her wedding, and the two ensuine days of feasting, were quite in-accessible to others than Chinamen, and the only accounts that appeared in the newspapers were gained at second-hand from Wong Chin Foo. He tells your correspondent that the bride is the prettiest girl ever brought to this country from China. She is not quite eighteen years old, and is very diminutive, her height lacking several inches of five feet, and her weight being only eighty-five pounds. She was negotiated for, after the Chinese fashion, by an agent of the bridegroom, who is seventy years old, and uglier than Crowley, the deceased chimpanzee. For this fact I do not depend upon Wong Chin Foo. It is a matter of personal observation. He is a wizen, yellow old horror, and has every excuse for biding himself as care-fully as he hides his little wife. She cost him over six thousand dollars, and he means to keep her to himself. Even at the marriage ceremony in the joss-house, she was made to hide her face behind a curtain, though the only witnesses present were a few carefully chosen Chinamen. At her own reception, subsequently, only Chinese women were present. This is the affair to which the Fifth-avenue swells desired so earpestly to go, but from which they were excluded as unworthy, just as they themselves shut out CLARA BELLE.

KEROSENE A BANE TO CHINA.

Petition to the Emperer to Banish It from

China, or at least some of the officials of China, wish to retaliate for American Chinese restriction laws by laws prohibiting the importation of American kerosene toto China Chang Chitung, Viceroy of Canton, has addressed a memorial to the Emperor, in which he arraigns kerosene as the greatest menace to the peace and prosperity of the empire. It burned up 400 houses in Swatow not long ago, he says, and just before that it destroyed a steamer and cost 800 people their lives. Soon afterward it burned 1,000 houses it Canton and destroyed \$10,090,000 worth of property. It is responsible, he says, for nine-tenths of the fires that occur every

winter in Canton. He declares that it has done incalculable iny to life and property; that it is worse than opinm, being more swift and terrible in its deadliness; and that it has almost destroyed the native industry in peanut, colza, and bean oil. On account of its evil deeds the Viceroy says that he did his best last year to kill the trade in kerosene by raising the inland transit dues on it, but the fell destroyer was too subtle to be driven out by this process, and the evil was increasing rather than diminishing. Therefore the Viceroy now petitions the throne for aid in his struggle with the foreign trader, who, under the guise of friendship, insists on profiting himself by introducing an article highly injurious to the welfare of China. The Viceroy points out that there is no difficause the treaty of 1881 with America makes provision to limit Chinese immigration to that country on account of the competition of Chinese labor being objectionable, "and if they can prohibit our going there because Chinese labor is injurious to their interests, we have an equal right to prohibit the importation of kerosene when it is injurious to us. The law that paand prevent injury being done to their people applies to both countries alike, if there be any justice; and when either government acts on this principle no objection can be raised by the other." The Viceroy therefore formally requests that a stop be instantly put to the importation of the baleful kerosene.

Who's General Benet?

To the Editor of the Tribune. Sir: Do you want to know who Stephen Benet is? I will tell you. About 1835 a gentleman was in the babit of visiting St. Augustine, Pla. It was a queer old town, abounding in worthless, sleepy, dirty minorcans. One of these semi-barbarians had a little hovel on a back street. Near the entrance was an old door, placed across two barrels, over which the proprietor, one Pete Bennett, dispensed champerano to the young men and revellers of the town-a very coarse crew. His son, a little dirty bare footed boy, was noted for his cunning and brightness. Picked up by a member of Congress, the boy was sent to West Point to be graduated in 1849. He never heard a bullet whistle, but fought a bloody battle on the plains at West Point. He found time to drive Colonel Laidly out of the ordnance corps because he knew too much of him. WASHINGTON, Oct. 2, 1888.

The Caricature Plant. One of the most remarkable of all plants is that known to botanists as the Justicia picts, which has also been well-named the "caricature plant." At first sight it appears to be a heavy, large-leafed plant, with purple blossoms, chiefly remarkable for the light-yellow centers of its dark green leaves. When one first sees this odd plant, and thinks what a sickly, blighted appearance the queer yellow stains give it, he is sud-denly impressed with the fact that the plant is "making faces" at him. And this first impression is correct. This curious shrub indeed occupies itself in growing up in ridiculous carica-tures of the "human face divine," and is cov-ered from the topmost leaf down with the queerest faces imaginable. Nature has taken to carienturing. The flesh colored profiles stand out in strong relief against the green of the leaves. The plant readily grows in a common bot-house.

ATER'S SARSAPARILLA, sending the brain pure blood, makes sound both mind and body.

AN INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

History of a Suit of Clothes Worn by Gen. W. H. Harrison at His Inauguration.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. CRAWFORDSVILLE, Oct. 6 .- A short time ago an item was published in the Journal in regard to the suit of clothes worn by Gen. W. H. Harrison when he made his inaugural address. A letter was sent to Jos. Bainard, of Hopkinton, N. H., inquiring about the matter, and the following is an extract of his reply, under date of

"It is true that the wool was grown on my farm, and on one adjoining owned by Mr. Sibley. The sheep, which were of the finest Saxon breeds, were owned by my father and Mr. Sibley here in Hepkinton, N. H., from which the wool was taken that was made into cloth by the Middlesex Corporation, of Lowell, Mass., and sent to New York, made into a suit of clothes, and presented to Gen. W. H. Harrison, grandfather of the present nominee, of your State, Benj. Harrison, and was worn by him when he delivered his insugural address. The idea was conceived by the late Hon. Samuel Lawrence, who was at that time superintendent and general manager of the above named corporation. He was a Clay Whig of the strongest type, and believed that America should protect American industries. He was a man who believed that faith and works should go together. It is an interesting fact that for forty-eight years there has been no campaign fought on the tariff issues, pure and simple, and the grandson of the old hero should now be the candate on the same question. The tariff legislampetus to the manufacturing through New Eugland that villages grew into cities and new cities sprung up where there was nothing but poor farm lands hardly worth owning. Thousands of people who had nothing to do a large part of the year are now employed the year round; well fed, well clothed and their children have the best of schooling. More than half of the whole number in New Hampshire are man-ufacturers. Then we raised food products equal to the amount we consumed, now we buy nearly, or quite half from the West, of every-thing except vegetables, and may be hay. Then I voted against Old Tip, but if I live to go the pells in November, shall vote for young Tip."

A SUNDAY IN NEW YORK CITY.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

To see Broadway aright one must see it in the sheen of a September Sunday morning. Week days it is so encumbered with masses of life and their roar and friction that the exquisite beauty of the great thoroughfare is completely lost. Jacob Sharpe, if he deserved the penitentiary (as undoubtedly be did), deserved also the gratitude of all good New Yorkers for relieving Broadway of the omnibus unisance. The nest, tasteful horse-cars are an unspeakable improvement upon the old order or rather disorder.

Broadway contains some most exquisite engineering and also beautiful vistas that no one ever can possibly see upon a week day. In the early bours of a September Sabbath a stroll up or down this famous street is as charming as a stroll by the ocean or in the deep forest. The grand buildings, the perfect pavements and the constantly changing vistas afford a scene that is as kaleidoscopic and beautiful as any in fairyland.

Besides, Broadway is a strict observer of the Sabbath. Not one of its ten thousand snops but rigidly obeys the command, "Remamber the Sabbath day." This adds wonderfully to its charm. Even the drab horse-cars move slowly and at a respectful distance from ach other, as if striving in their dumb way to honor the great

commendment. New York city affords to those in whom the in-stinct and passion for worship, is developed means for spiritual improvement unequaled anywhere in the world. In a great throng of two million people all phases of our religious nature can be gratified to their fullest extent. Here the lovers of Calvin and Knox can hear their favorite doctrines preached in all their purily and sternness; while the latitudinarian, and the liberal, and the religjous crank of the last pattern can find ample company and great churches and societies devoted to their particular ism. There are one hun-dred different denominations and a dozen different religious preached and practiced here in the

great metropolis. Worship in all of its places is one of the ultimate facts of the human roul. It is as ultimate and unexplainable as our love of music or our artistic faculties. And the multifariousness of the different phases of the religious sentiment is only equaled by its universality. The worship of the poor is one of the most delightful of its manifestations. But the worship of the rich has its charms and sights. While it is the glory of humanity that the poor can freely approach God without priest or venticle, yet the same God does not refuse ship enriched by gold, frankincen and myera. The gorgeous churches of the merchant princes and millionaires of this great city express a creat fact, as well as those humble and numerous pine boxes in which the great working classes worship. There is a place in worthip for the jewels of gold, the fragrance of flowers, purple of velvets, and the glories of music, elequence

and architecture.

I have just come from one of the gergeous churches of the Fifth avenue, I found God really and reverently worshiped there, where thousands are expended in consecrating to His service for the hour, at least, human voices that upon week days command fabulous sums at operas and concerts. And who shall say that the rich nave not an equal right to lay at the feet of their Maker in worship all that their wealth can purchase, whether of eloquence, or music, or temples of marble and gold? Or who shall say that this worship, if sincere, is not accepted by Him as well as the contrite prayers of the poor! Why should not a rich man pray as well as a a fact in humanity as that of the poor. And if it is liable to degenerate into hollow forms, so is that of the humbler classes. Let us be just to both rich and poor. The religious sentiment is far better developed and educated here in the East than in the newer and cruder West. This is largely owing to the fact that the educating process began almost two centuries before the West was inhabited. Two centuries of churches. schools and religious training have brought forth larger and more perfect fruit in the East than in the West. When the West is as old as the East we shall see there the same religious advancement as here in the East.

New York may be a very wicked city. unequaled advantages for religious culture, and for that reason the great denominations bave been and still are wisely locating their great theological training schools within her borders. This is as it should be. The old idea of religion was that its great object was to prepare for the hereafter. The new doctrine is that its chief object and best work is to be in this life, and that the best place to propare its teachers is in a great city, where life is seen in the greatest masses and also in its best and worst

I close this letter by repeating that newhere in the new world can a Sabbath be spent to so great spiritual advantage as among the endless churches and religious and ethical as well as scientific circles of the great metropolis. NEW YORK CITY, Sunday Sept. 30, 1888.

Effect of the Universal Trades-Union. "Gath's" New York Letter.

If the universal trades-union existed all over this land it would simply destroy the mechanic in the country. His customers could not pay what the man in the city demands shall be the standard of payment. As far as the agricultural trade goes the application of the trades-union to that would depopulate America. This Chinese question also has an application the politicians never take up, and that is the household service. In some respects we are the worst attended Nation on the globe at our tables, in our ecoking departments and in the general female service. We have destroyed the servant class, and there is no such class in Amer-ica as servants. No man dare in these days read in the pulpit the admonition "serv-ants obey thy masters." We have neither mas-ters nor servants. Jeffersonism destroyed all that. Were it not for the colored population fully one-third of this country would be without bousehold service. And what is the benefit of all these fine houses which the mechanics build if they cannot be kept! If the wife and the daughter must go and cook and wash, they do not need such houses. In that case we shall distrades-union systems going around the world. We shall pull these fine houses down, build onestory tenements, have no stairs to climb, and how much better will the world be! It is by the nequalities of men, and not by their equalities, that employment is made general, and happiness is possible. Political equality itself is a vast experiment still. In a portion of the United States it has been repudiated already.

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